

THE TIMES DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE

Styles Of Old Spain Fascinate

Yetta Goldstein and Mollie McShane Hide Their Identity With Spanish Fads and Fancies.

By MARGARET MASON.
The ladies, Lord love 'em, this season would fain dress just like the beauties in sunny old Spain; and so Yetta Goldstein and Mollie McShane and Gretchen Von Schmitt and Pitt Duquesne are perfect Hispanics when not called by name.

NEW YORK, Feb. 11.—Sing to for the Spanish main, for anything Spanish is the main thing in the new trend of fashion. Last season we were all to the Chinese and goodness knows where we will be season after season. At the moment they are going it looks as if the designers would soon be drifting around on their haunches and weeping a la Alexander the Great for more worlds to copy.

Personally, it strikes me Borneo fashions might be smart for the summer season, but the designers, are probably holding them in reserve for the winter months. But to return to Spain; if the designers would soon be drifting around on their haunches and weeping a la Alexander the Great for more worlds to copy.

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Seen In The Shops

EVERYONE sweltered in furs during the hot weather of last week and wondered how they were going to bridge the gap between the swathing bands of midwinter and the low-necked effects that breeze in with spring. The shops—trust them—are ready for just such an emergency with chinchilla collars of dresden taffeta, trimmed with waves of fur and buttons to match. For daytime wear are more moderate collars in plain colors, and for the evening marine and swans-down. The price is \$7.50.

Just because silk sweaters have suffered an eclipse of four or five months, owing largely to climatic conditions, don't think they will never come into the sunlight again. Last summer's faded sweaters can be cleaned and re-dyed in short order, for we have promise of their renewed popularity as soon as the weather makes them wearable.

The 1916 crop is rarer, daintier and—incidentally—more expensive than ever in dresden patterns they may be had for \$15 a suit, this would buy seven perfectly presentable sweaters a decade ago, by the way.

The popular bouquets of violets have found a rival of their own persuasion in the bunches of deep violet pansies in royal purple and other "pansy" colors. Thirty-eight cents will buy a bunch.

The price of an Electric Radiator is

—much less than the cost of one attack of grip or pneumonia. Radiators of the best type, complete with cord and plug \$5 up.

National Electrical Supply Co., 1325-1330 N.Y. Ave.

St. Valentine's Day in Leap Year Affords the Women A Legitimate Excuse for Popping the Question. Beware!

Femininity Stalking Abroad to See Whom It May Ensnare, as Attested by Crowded Counters Where All Busily Buy Valentines!

The Man Who Gets by This Year Must Try to Appear Deaf, Dumb, Blind, Peniless and Fearfully Crotchety!

Leap year and Valentine's day—magic combination! Are women taking advantage of it? They are.

Who are crowding around the Valentine counters of department stores, quite swamping the few insignificant men who venture within reach of the tables? The women, some asking quite boldly for leap year Valentines, others pawing around until they find what they are seeking.

The very verses themselves suggest that femininity is stalking abroad seeking whom it may devour. Men are warned that it's leap year, as follows:

"Look out, old top, watch your step! It's leap year time, so don't forget."

Another plaintive ditty announces:

"My pies are light and flaky, My biscuits, too, are fine; Oh, won't some hoarding bachelor Ask for a Valentine?"

Imagine the sense of reciprocity that is conveyed by the lines:

"I'd faithfully promise To darn all your socks If you in reply Vow to hook up my frocks."

What is more astonishing, every one of those leap year valentines is destined to reach some lucky—or unlucky—man in the vicinity of February 14. The stenographer was first noted examining the assortment, price, 12 cents a dozen, at a stationery counter.

Valentine Prerogative.

"Do you," the stenographer was asked, "believe in the leap year prerogative of sending valentines to men?"

She regarded her spats thoughtfully. "I don't know about the prerogative part, but I'm keen on sending the valentines."

"Of course," she answered. "Of course, the other three years—well, I act like a perfect lady, and a perfect lady doesn't send valentines except in leap year."

You know, you've got to let the man know who sent the valentine to him. It wouldn't be any fun sending it to him if he didn't call you up and tease you about it, and give you a chance to say:



A helpful hint which overlooks bad grammar and bashfulness.

"Oh, that wasn't my writing." Then if he's bright he'll say: "How'd you know it wasn't?" And you'd say, after you had him guessing for a while, "I didn't think you'd know it was my hand."

"Now, you know, you can't play jokes on a man at any other time than leap year—at least, you can't send him valentines without him thinking that you're chasing him. Then you have him guessing, for he don't know whether you're serious or not. And that's the only way you can catch a man. Propose to a man," I guess not."

Her eyes flashed indignantly. The stenographer was, as she had said, a perfect lady. Proposing to her men friends was scarcely to be favored.

For the Unsentimental.

The fluff society girl was quite bold about her valentine sending. Sniffing her pomeroian under her left arm to aloof more leeway for the search, she quite readily showed the tributes she had purchased for her friends.

"This is for John—he's so frightfully unsentimental he will rave when he gets it. I'm not going to attempt to disguise my writing, and the crazy thing will think he's getting a proposal and run when he sees me coming."

"There's Nick. I'll make him horribly set up to get a verse that says:

"If Juliet had known you I'm mighty certain, sir, That Romeo would never Have made a hit with her."

"He thinks he's the original Apollo, anyway, and he'll be so important I know he'll propose to me at once as the only woman who understands him."

She beamed ecstatically.

"Isn't leap year the most fun? I'm sure I wouldn't mind proposing to a man at all, it's so easy."

She shifted the long-suffering dog



From the woman who is attractive and wants some man to know it!

smiling little boys half guiltily. She blushed when addressed. "Sending a valentine to your chief," we inquired blithely.

The old maid blushed guiltily and refused to admit any such unmaidenly plan.

"Come, now, why not? Just as a joke. It's leap year, you know."

She was covered with confusion.

"Well, I might," she admitted.

"Get a real sentimental one and mail it to the office so that you'll see him when he gets it. That won't do any harm."

"But he's married," she went on, in shocked surprise.

"He'll enjoy it all the more—take it home to show his wife and all that."

"One could fairly see the old maid's thoughts veering around to divorce suits where she figured as co-respondent.

There was, however, no excuse upon which her brain could fasten, at the moment. Protesting feebly, she bought a valentine, a very sentimental one; more than that, she mailed it.

"I'll never get over it if he finds out," she said, "but I suppose, since it's leap year, he wouldn't mind if he did know who it was."

From the Old Maid.

The old maid, the one who has been in the dead letter office for several decades, was observed ostentatiously rummaging among valentines with her right hand, while the other, deftly concealed in her muff, swept aside pictures of

back to her right arm and called a gay good-by.

The only discordant note was struck by a business woman who prides herself upon being very practical.

"A valentine? Who would I send a

back to her right arm and called a gay good-by.

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Housekeeping Versus Housework

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK.

I RAN across a sadly disillusioned little bride the other day. She had originally approached her new duties with bubbling enthusiasm. Oh, yes, she LOVED to keep house. She could make the loveliest desserts, and just loved to arrange flowers for the table. But when I met her three months after she had been doing the work in a convenient, small flat, my enthusiasm had faded. When I began to talk to her I found out that she was as weary of housekeeping in her little apartment as any tired-out mother, and I wondered why.

Then it all came out. There was a great difference, indeed, between housekeeping and housework. She had looked forward to keeping house—to managing, planning meals, and directing a competent servant, and the reality of doing all her own work, actually using broom and duster and duster, was not so inspiring as she had expected.

My little friend typified the attitude of many women, all too many of whom can—or fancy they can—"keep house." They see themselves as hostesses, as mistresses directing and planning, but when it comes to the actual tasks, the how of the work, they fall ignominiously. We have instances brought to our attention repeatedly of women who really have managed, but who were not capable of doing the routine three meals a day and other actual work. Their previous success was not due to their individual efficiency, but because they were able to afford trained workers. When they themselves had to do the actual housework they were astonished that they could not "make good."

The fallacy in the above position is that in order to be a really good housekeeper, one must also be trained in housework. No one can be the efficient economical, thinking housekeeper who does not herself know by experience and practice the methods and routine which she directs. One of the chief faults of much of the technical training given in the best household art schools is that it does not—as much as it could—give the practice of housework. There will be no real training, and housekeeping problems until the housework problem is solved. This cannot be done by mere reading of books, attending lectures or theoretical thinking. No successful business man ever arrived at his mahogany desk without rolling up his sleeves as a competent servant, and learning his business from the bottom up. He can never sit in that chair and theorize as to manufacturing processes, or sales management, or office efficiency, if he does not know the details of what ought to be done and has to be done, on the basis of his own first-hand experience.

Too many domestic science graduates want to "keep house" at a large wage, but they don't want to soil their hands, or do work. Too many ladies want to keep house, but also do not want to be disturbed by any actual work. Too many professional housekeepers greatly exaggerate their ability and are altogether too prone to get all the work done by outside help and do little work themselves. What is needed is not trained housekeepers, but more trained housekeepers, whether they may be made or mistresses.

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Errands: Taxing or Training the Child?

Isn't It Fair to Him to Jot Down Message or List of Things Wanted So as Not to Interfere With His World of Wonderland?

By LAURA CLAWSON.

A pound of tea at one and three. A pot of sawberry jam. Three new-laid eggs, a dozen peas. And a pound of rasher of ham."

I'm quoting from memory, but that's the way a rhyme of my childhood runs; and the poem goes on to tell the variations of this list before the child got to the shop where these articles were to be purchased.

In these days of telephones and department store deliveries the older members of the family are not so dependent upon the small feet of the children, but in neighborhoods far from the centers of such luxuries, still the children "go to the store," and still are they sent on errands to friends and relatives.

Helpfulness is one of the most attractive traits of our human intercourse; looking over our list of acquaintances, be it large or small, the person who stands out in the line are those who have this blessed quality. Possibly it was begun and fostered in a home where errands were the accepted thing.

A good memory is another most useful asset, and the correct carrying of messages to Aunt Salie may have trained the memory of that competent salesman who always greets by name his fatter customers.

But there is the other side, too. Is it always reasonable to expect a child, called from his play, at perhaps a most absorbing moment, to remember a list of several articles, or an involved message which he really doesn't understand?

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—much less than the cost of one attack of grip or pneumonia. Radiators of the best type, complete with cord and plug \$5 up.

National Electrical Supply Co., 1325-1330 N.Y. Ave.

Live To Be 100? Watch Your Hair

By DR. L. K. HIRSHBERG.

LET the aged who seek youth trim their hair and stimulate what hair is left on the tops of their heads—such is the advice of Dr. L. K. Natcher, expert in geriatrics, or the science of keeping 100 years young. Dr. Natcher suggests that the aged associate with young persons, for by so doing they will be led to improve their general appearance, keep step with the prevailing mode and be happier.

The improvements in general appearance have a profound psychic influence, not only elevating the sense of pride in appearance, but indirectly through the flattering comments which it arouses. This does not mean that any one should shock and mortify devices which some middle-aged and elderly women employ to enhance their charms. But it does mean that the aged should stimulate the surface circulation by means of baths and massage, remove wrinkles and folds by induction with fat, try to stimulate the growth of hair on the head and remove hair from abnormal abortions on the ears, use a cane and wear braces to overcome the tendency to stoop, employ harmless cosmetic measures to improve his appearance, and, above all, to observe a sense of neatness in dress, in order to deceive such a course as vanity, it should be encouraged as a laudable effort to maintain a youthful spirit.

Dr. Natcher sets forth that there are many factors which contribute to premature aging, such as the rapid vibrations of motor driven vehicles, rapidly moving elevators, the eye strain produced by the flickering of moving pictures, the ear strain and the mental strain of listening to the telephone, the many little shocks and moments of fright incident to crossing the streets and city noises in general.

The physician finds that most persons who have reached old age are spare eaters and live outdoor lives. Most aged men are reported as smokers and drinkers of alcoholic drinks. Most long-lived persons came from agricultural districts and were married, and nearly all were actively engaged in their labors until shortly before their death.

"On the other hand," continues Dr. Natcher, "those who retire from active business, careen into a rapid decline. Insufficient sleep prevents complete repair and hastens degenerative changes of the whole system, and irregular hours, irregular meals, and irregular means of livelihood."

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Answers to Health Questions

H. L. N.—This may not come under "health," but will you kindly answer in "The Times" what I could do to rid myself of being self-conscious? Every act and thing I do and say I wonder whether I am not surely aid in your self-consciousness. Go around more and take a deep interest in plays, theaters, books, and music.

W. A.—Is there anything you can suggest to cure the smoking habit? Swallow one or two tablets of 1.2666 grains of sulphate of strychnine, every three hours. These tablets are bitter and when chewed take away the craving. Glysterite of tannin should be applied to the gums.

"Eve"—My chest and back are broken out with pimples. What will you advise? Avoid all oily, hot, greasy, rich, starchy and highly seasoned foods, sweets, pastries, chocolates, thick soups and gravies. Take three drops of Fowler's arsenic solution in water after meals, three times a day. Apply white precipitate ointment to the pimples.

PERSONAL ADVICE.

Readers desiring advice should remember:

1. To address inquiries to Dr. L. K. Hirschberg, care of The Washington Times.

2. To enclose a stamped and addressed envelope if a personal reply is desired.

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